



VOL. XXIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1855.

NO. 34.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

BLESSINGS OF A DROUGHT.

It has been observed by practical farmers, that the season which follows a dry one, or a succession of dry ones, is accompanied by a fair share of rains and warmth of sun, is more fruitful than the same season would have been, had the previous one not been subject to drought.

The philosophy of this has always been obscure. Mr. Higgins, State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland, has broached the following theory, which he thinks will explain the mystery. He assumes, that the constant washing of rains and carrying away of crops, greatly exhausts the mineral matter. This is undoubtedly correct. Well, a drought is the means, under the direction of Providence, to replenish the soil with this mineral substance, of which it has been exhausted. He thinks it is done in this way:

During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by the clouds. The evaporation from the surface, creates a vacuum, so far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by the rising up from the subsoil of the land. The water from the subsoil is replaced from the next strata below, and in this manner, the circulation of water in the earth, is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water are carried the minerals held in solution—the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil as the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained as above stated.

Mr. Higgins has instituted several experiments to verify this theory, which are interesting and seem to be conclusive. The present season in Maine, follows three very dry ones.

If Mr. H.'s theory be correct, these three dry seasons have been engaged in pumping from the depths below, holding in solution various mineral ingredients necessary for the growth of crops. Whether this be the case or not, it certainly is uncommonly productive. Since June came in, when the rains and the warm weather commenced, vegetation of all kinds has been pushed along with extreme rapidity; and the gardens, and fields, and pastures, and the forest even, present a luxuriance that has not been seen here before for years. It really looks like old times, in the promise of bountiful harvests.

It is both amusing and melancholy, to see the exertions of those who are interested in keeping up the price of flour.

We all know that the flour dealers and others in their train, taking advantage of a partial failure in wheat and other crops, and some other incidental circumstances, have been able to keep up the prices of flour much higher than the natural condition of the market would warrant; that although there was actually a supply of the article to more than meet the demand, the price of flour per barrel has been far beyond all precedent, under like circumstances.

They have been able to do this by monopolizing the crop, the mills and the railroad freight cars. Now they would find it difficult to do this longer, although a good Providence has taken away the excuse of short crops by giving a most bountiful one.

We are sorry to see certain agricultural papers apparently taking sides with these speculators in the "Staff of life," and trying to make it appear that there is to be a drought in the land, and that instead of a full and overflowing harvest, there is, and is to be, a very short one. Among them is the Rural New Yorker, of Rochester, N. Y. For some time it has been holding out the idea of short crops.

One of the special contributors, H. T. B., who acknowledges himself to be a wheat raiser and wheat seller, in the last number, grieves for having sold his wheat last year, too cheap, and is urging a combination of wheat growers, to keep wheat up to \$2.00 per bushel this year. He says:—

"Prominent farmers in this section unite in the resolution not to put their wheat into market short of two dollars a bushel at present. What say the farmers of the Genesee country generally? Can we have concert of action? The West, if not too precipitate, can doubtless obtain a proportional price. Money shavers, and other 'philanthropists,' exclaim 'what will become of the poor?' Let them make their peace with God, and prepare for the worst."

We think that those who enter into such combinations this year, had better take H. T. B.'s advice to the poor—*"Make their peace with God, and prepare for the worst."*

CRUMBLING BONES IN ASHES.

Having seen in the Farmer a short time since a communication from friend E. G. B., of Yarmouth, concerning his "bones," in which he complains that his bones though packed away last April (I believe, for I have not the paper at hand), will not soften; let me give him a bit of my own experience.

A year ago last March, I saw a statement in the Dollar Newspaper, that bones treated as friend B. has treated his, would decompose and make good manure. Accordingly I took a barrel and put in ashes 3 or 4 inches deep, then a layer of bones, and covered them with ashes. It was then wet with urine from day to day, till I supposed the ashes were completely saturated with the liquid. Then another layer of bones was added, and covered as before, and wet with the same liquid. This process was repeated till the barrel was full, and then left undisturbed till the last of last May, when it was dug out to be used, and the bones were found

to be soft enough to be cut with a shovel, except a few jaw bones and teeth, which seemed to be proof against the leach, in a great measure. I have now Ruta Bagas growing on the mixture. It was put in the drills and covered about four inches; I supposed it might be rather strong and buried it accordingly. Within a week or two those Ruta bags look as if they had got hold of something that agreed with them.

If E. G. B. will give his bones time, I think there will be no trouble about their becoming soft enough to be picked to pieces with the fingers, as the most of mine were. But mine were in pickle nearly thirteen months, instead of three or four, as friend B. says his have been. Whether soap suds would be more effectual than urine, or less so, is a problem to be solved by some one who is more of a chemist than myself. I used the urine in order to save it, as my faith in the softening of the bones was like a "small grain of mustard seed." From present appearances the mixture is a very powerful fertilizer for Ruta Bagas at least. To be patient friend B., let them soak till next spring and then try it on some of your crops and let us know the result of your experiments. S.

North Yarmouth, Aug. 6, 1855.

NOTE. We like the suggestions contained in the above communication. The course proposed will make a rare combination of fertilizing materials, and a hoghead or vat near the out-house of every house-keeper filled as directed, will become useful in more ways than one.

(Ed.)

VENERABLE OXEN.

Mr. Editor:—Deacon Isaac French, of Chester, Franklin Co., Me., has a pair of oxen, fifteen years old last February, which he raised from calves. They are well matched, and have always worked together. They are neither know nothing nor do nothing. They have been 344 trips from Chester to the Kennebec, and Deacon French has driven them 338 times that number. Allowing each trip to be 50 miles, they have travelled, in going to and returning from the Kennebec River, 17,200 miles. The Deacon says this is not one half the distance they have travelled while at work; but suppose it to be one-half, then they have travelled, while at work, 34,400 miles, which is about one and one-third times the distance around the globe we inhabit. It would have cost at least fifteen hundred dollars to hire the same oxen, and any one who was so ignorant as to be an idolater might find more objects of reverence than such a worthy pair of cattle as those above described. Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

July 25, 1855.

NOTE. These certainly are a very remarkable pair of oxen. It is not very often that horned cattle attain to that age without failing for lack of good teeth, which sometimes give out at from 12 to 15 years of age. The Egyptians used to worship the ox, and any one who was so ignorant as to be an idolater might find more objects of reverence than such a worthy pair of cattle as those above described. Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

TWIN CORN.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Farmer, some weeks since, that you had been presented with a "stalk of corn having upon it two perfectly formed and well filled ears," by Mr. A. S. Pinkham of Chelsea. Just to show you that some things can be done as well as others, I herewith send you a sample of my seed corn, tied together by the husks, each two as they grew upon the same stalk. In no instance was an ear selected unless both ears were well formed and well filled. It is, as you will see, of the right rowed variety and is very early. The stalk is quite small, and is liable to be laid by heavy winds, if occurring after the corn is filled, as it is then well loaded, two ears being the rule, one the exception. Perhaps a page of its history may not be uninteresting.

It will be remembered that the season of 1837 was disastrous to the corn crop in this State, and every one who was fortunate enough to get anything like decent corn believed he had the best variety. Wishing to be sure of the best, I procured seed from several different localities, and of different varieties, 8, 10, 12, and 16 rowed. These I mixed together and planted, "hit or miss," in the spring of 1838. In the fall, as soon as the appearance of the husks indicated that some ears were sufficiently matured for seed, I went through the corn and broke off a bushel basket full of the earliest ears, without opening the husks, or otherwise ascertaining of which variety they were. On husking them, I found some of all kinds, but the small eight rowed largely predominating.

I have thus continued to select my seed, and for the last three years I have selected only twin ears that were both well filled. It now matures earlier, and the ears are larger than at first. J. B. F.

NOTE. Our readers would do well to follow the above course with regard to seed corn. Now is the time to be looking out for the twin ears.

(Ed.)

HOW TO KILL PLANT LICE.

Make a wash of soft soap, cow manure, and water, and wash the trunks and large limbs with it. Then for two or three mornings when the dew is on sprinkle with ashes. This will me, have effectually destroyed the small green lice on my trees. N. E. Farmer.

(N. E. Farmer.)

Here is an outline of a valuable long keeping sweet apple, that should be more generally cultivated in Maine. It may be known in other States by some other name, and perhaps looked on the catalogues of nursery men. At present it is designated among us by the above name, in order to designate it, until its true origin and name, if any has previously been given it, should be known.

Its history as far as here known is this. Some years since Hon. Stephen Emery, of Paris, sent us in the month of May, a box of very fair and very sweet apples. It is not common for fresh apples to retain their fresh saccharine flavor so long, but these were apparently as good as when just gathered. They were from grafts which he obtained from the late Stephen Chase, of Fryburg, and this was all that he could tell of their origin. They were submitted to the examination of the Maine Pomological Society, but not recognized by any one. They therefore came to the conclusion to designate it by that name.

The following is the description of it in their published transactions.

EMERY SWEET. May 4, 1840. A sweet apple

For the Maine Farmer.

THE CROPS IN SOMERSET.

Mr. Editor:—The hay business in this town is about finished, and a good crop in good condition, has been secured, probably some increase in quantity from last year. No hay has been damaged by storms, the weather has uniformly been good; some darkening squalls clouds have at times intruded themselves upon the horizon, but a fine hot hay day has generally taken their place. The full feed, owing to the wet season, never promised more abundantly.

The corn crop, I think, has never been known to come forward more rapidly than it has for the last five or six weeks, and promises an abundant harvest, "provided nevertheless," that the warm weather continues until the first or second week in September. The political atmosphere undoubtedly will get warmed up, in certain localities, between now and the tenth of next month; but whether this will materially effect the corn harvest, is a question which will not come into the account of the corn grower.

The potato crop, especially the tops, promises rich harvest, unless some unforeseen calamity should overtake them.

The grain crop among us is heavy and will soon be harvested.

"One acre more" has been sown and planted with us, this year, and it is questioned whether the soil of our own beloved State of Maine ever bore up so heavy a crop for the sustenance of man and beast, as it does the present year. Our pastures, the present season, have been and are unusually good, and an increased growth of our cattle, horses and sheep, and an increased crop upon former years of beef, mutton, butter and cheese, will be the legitimate result.

From the fact that the spring and first part of summer, were very unpromising and forbidding to the husbandman, in view of our own murmurs and distrustfulness of a gracious Providence, and in view of the fact that a Merciful Being reigns in the Heavens and the earth, "sending rain on the just and the unjust," can we not, as a people with thankfulness of heart, exclaim in the language of the inspired writer, "What hath not God wrought!"

In view of the many deliverances wrought for us by the great Deliverer—the bountiful harvest at hand—the fall in the price of breadstuffs, which will ameliorate the condition of the poor—the continued health, peace and prosperity of our State—the continued blessings of Heaven upon all the industrial departments of the State—the attention given by the people to industry, science, temperance, virtue and truth—all these, if justly appreciated, will conspire to raise in our hearts the sentiment of inspiration, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage."

Respectfully yours,

ANDREW ARCHER.

Fairfield, August 10th, 1855.

THE HORTICULTURIST. This monthly, devoted to the subjects of Horticulture, Rural art and Rural taste, which came into so much favor with the public, under the editorial care of the late A. J. Downing, and has been so ably conducted since Downing's death by Mr. Barry, has changed hands. It is now published by Robert P. Smith, in Philadelphia, and is edited by J. J. Smith. The number for August has been received, and contains the usual variety of useful matter. From present appearances, we are induced to think that the Messrs. Smiths will sustain its former well earned, and well deserved reputation.

RED CHERRIES.

A writer in the Patent Office Report seems to indicate that the black knot in the cherry tree, is owing to the "dissolved state of the sap." Now I am an insect. I believe it to be caused by an insect. My trees are fine and healthy, and the cherries good. If persons setting out young trees, or if those who have them already set out, will adopt my plan, they will be attending to them, I think, thank me for this communication. Watch your trees every spring; if there are any knots cut them off before the grub makes its exit, and burn them. When picking your cherries, be careful to break no knots; pick all, perfect and imperfect; put or stone your cherries, put the pits and imperfect ones with the juice in a vessel with a little water, squeeze them together, and strain it well. The liquor with a little molasses will do for the vinegar barrel, and the refuse for the pig and chickens. By this means you will destroy the insect in its grub state. It is as necessary to protect the cherry tree as it is the plum, or any other, from the destroyer. I know of red cherry trees a dozen years old, as fine as you wish to see, in Montgomery county, and all owing to the necessary attention. J. M. L.

Bucks County, Pa., 1855.

(Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.)

EMERY SWEET.

Size, medial, globular; stem pit narrow, and medium depth; stem slender; calyx shallow, color, a russet ground, streaked with red, and a blush on one side. Flesh, white, fine grained, and of a rich sweet taste; keeps till May. We are not certain what the true name of this apple is. Judge Emery obtained the grafts from the late Stephen Chase, Esq., of Fryburg, Maine. It may be an old acquaintance to some, but is new in this section. It is an excellent winter sweet.

At this season of the year, when vegetables begin to look parched and the ground becomes dry, gardeners think they must commence the use of the watering pot.

This practice, to a certain extent, and under some circumstances, may, perhaps, be proper, but as a general rule, to which there are commonly some exceptions, I apprehend it is incorrect. The same time spent in hoeing, frequently stirring the earth about vegetables, is far preferable. When watering has once commenced it must be continued, must be followed up, else you have done mischief instead of good; as, after watering a few times, and then omitting it, the ground will take harder than as though nothing had been done to it. Not so with hoeing. The more you stir the ground about vegetables, the better they are off; and whenever you stop hoeing no damage is done, as in watering. Ground is always improved by stirring; and stop when you will, there is no subtraction from this benefit, no danger accrues. Vegetables will improve more rapidly, be more healthy, and better at maturity, by frequent hoeing than by frequent watering. And this result is very easily shown by experiment. Just notice, after a very night, the difference between ground lately and often stirred, and that which has lain unmoved for a long time. Or take two cabbage plants, under similar circumstances, water one and stir the other just as often, stirring the earth about it carefully and thoroughly, and watch their improvement, see which thrives best.

There is also a secret about this stirring the earth, which chemists and horticulturists would do well to study with the utmost scrutiny and care.

Soil, cultivated in the spring and then neglected, soon settles together, the surface becomes hard, the particles cohere, attract little or no moisture, and from such a surface even the rain slides off, apparently doing little good. But let this surface be thoroughly pulverized, though it be done merely with an iron rake, and only a few inches in depth, and new life is put into it, the surface becomes friable and soft, the moisture of the particles again becomes active, attracting and being attracted, each seems to be crying to his neighbor, "hand over, hand over—more drink, more drink." And why this elaboration should grow less and less, till in a comparatively short time, it should seem almost to cease, is a question of very difficult solution; though the different composition of soils, has doubtless something to do with the matter.

But let the stirring be carefully repeated, all is life again; particles attract moisture from the atmosphere, hand it to each other, down it goes to the roots of vegetables, the little succulent fibres drink it in, and though we cannot see these busy operations, yet we perceive their healthy effects, in the pushing up of vegetables above the surface.

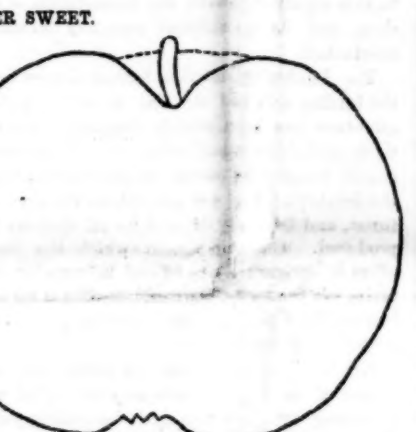
Now, if these things are so, and any one can satisfy himself by trying the experiments, then I think, Mr. Water Pot, you might as well retire and make your bow to Mr. Hoe.

(Gardiner Journal.)

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES IN MILK.

In the Medical Convention now in session at Philadelphia, Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago, on Thursday, presented a report on the nutritive qualities of milk, and also on the question whether there is not some mode by which the nutritive constituents of milk can be preserved in their purity and sweetness, and furnished to the inhabitants of cities in such quantities as to supersede the present defective and often unwholesome modes of supply. The report says that when railroads were opened into the interior of the country, it was said that milk would be furnished to the residents of cities in the purity that it was found on farms, but a sufficient time had elapsed to demonstrate that such is not the case. The conveyance of the milk from the farm to the city, the transit on the railway, and the time lost in its delivery throughout the city, it was clearly shown, had the effect of making it unfit for the nourishment of a child. During the past half century experiments had been made with a view of preserving milk in its pure state, yet it was but recently that a discovery had been made by a gentleman in New York, which was to evaporate the water and mix with it white sugar, which rendered it what is termed solidified milk. In his practice he had used this improved milk for the nourishment of infants with the most gratifying results, and after having kept it for three months, and he knew of its having been kept twelve months without any injury to its quality. (Exchange.)

WINE WORK. Three bushels of salt to the acre will destroy the wire worm, besides adding much to the fertility of the soil. Refuse salt from the meat or fish barrel, is best.



Looking over the Essex (Mass.) Co., Agricultural Transactions, we observe statements from five persons—to whom premiums were awarded—for their method of making butter. It may interest some to know how simple a process this making premium butter is; so we condense three pages into as many paragraphs:

The breed of cows is noted in any instance. The butter was made in September, the cows kept in pasture, and fed corn fodder once a day. One competitor made 887 lbs. of butter from nine cows, from the 20th of May to the 25th of September. Another kept 11 cows and made equal to 1,062 lbs., from May 25th to September 25th. Another made from four cows, from the 24th of June to the 25th of September, equal to 445 lbs. of butter. The last kept only two cows, which yielded equal to 232 lbs., from May 15th to Sept. 18th. The milk otherwise disposed of, we have calculated at two gallons to the pound of butter, which is about the quantity usually produced. The average is from 14 to 15 lbs. per day to the cow.

The milk was kept in tin pans of the common kind, perhaps 14 inches across and six inches deep, into which it was strained immediately after milking. Four of the competitors mention the place of keeping as a cool cellar, and all allow the milk to stand undisturbed about forty-eight hours, when the cream is taken off. Some churn once a week, others twice a week, some prefer to keep the cream two days only, others stir it each day and churn the cream of the week together; their preferences depending, we think, very much on the number of cows kept, and the convenience of attending to churning. In warm weather the vessels containing the cream are placed in cold water before churning.

One competitor, only, uses water for washing away the butter-milk and churning. Three others state that the butter was thoroughly worked by hand or with the hands, so as to free it perfectly from butter-milk, and it was then salted, two using one ounce of salt to the pound, one three-fourths, and another one and one-fourth ounces. The latter worked the butter over the second time after standing 24 hours, and the one who washed with water adds a teaspoonful of loaf sugar to each ounce of salt. Good butter was the result in each case.

(Exchange.)

BROCKWAY'S POTATO PLANTER. The Middlebury (Vt.) Register, speaks of the performance of a new potato drill, which was put in operation in that vicinity a short time ago, and attracted the attention of the curious, and true men of the turf. Much of the time, while a rate of ten bushels an hour, they were followed by men, women and children, all alike curious to see and to know.

No previous preparation having been made in putting potatoes in a convenient position, much time was lost in getting them on board, as most of them were brought by the same team a distance of two miles. This machine when moving, averaged an acre in one and a half hours, and including all delays, planted seven acres in twelve working hours. This was a first experiment and the machine not perfected in any of its parts. When complete it will require simply one man to drive the team. The expense of the potato planter is not yet ascertained, as it is but a part of an apparatus designed to plant, hoe, and dig potatoes. It is intended to hoe and dig as fast, or nearly, as it plants. The whole is drawn on wheels, and will need but a driver when all is in order.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT, VEGETABLES, &c. Mr. Greeley, in the recent issue of the New York Tribune, on a letter to the Editor, speaks of an invention by M. Mason, by which all descriptions of fruit and vegetables are preserved and rendered portable. He says:—

The process consists mainly, I am informed, in the slow and complete evaporation of the water contained in the vegetables to be preserved, by means of a series of ovens, in which they are subjected first to a very gentle, and then to a higher, but still moderate warmth, until the last particle of moisture has evaporated. The dried residuum is now simply packed in papers, (not air-tight cases,) where it may remain for years under any skies, subjected to any sudden alteration of temperature, and when opened requires only to be soaked in water to restore it to its original state. I see no reason why fruits may not in time be operated on with like success, and thus peaches, grapes, strawberries, pine-apples, &c., be enjoyed not merely at all seasons but in all climates, and a whaler frozen up in Lancaster Sound makes his Christmas dinner of turtle soup, roast (fresh) beef, green peas, cucumbers, asparagus, bananas, mackrelons, and all the delicacies of New York or Paris of every season.—This process, I learn, has now been several years in use, until its success on the largest scale is no longer a question. I presume it has ere this been transplanted to the United States; if not, it speedily should be. It is of far more consequence to mankind than the fate of Sebastopol.

WETTING BRICKS.

As it is important that every one engaged in building should be well informed in regard to the durability of materials, we publish the following from an exchange paper:

Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if they are aware of it, they do not practice it; for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet brick are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that, when a building of this description is taken down or tumbled down of its own accord, the mortar from it is like so much sand. (Scientific American.)

THE HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to Thee
Our songs shall rise—whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand our autumn stores;
No firstlings of our stock we lay,
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay,
Borne on thy breath, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The earthen and the gentle shower,
And Autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed—the bursting shell,
The golden sheaf, and laden bough,
The fullness of thy bounty tell.
No mental throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves or palm our fields adorn—
No myrtle shades or orange bowers—
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.
Safe in thy care the landscape o'er,
Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store—
No ruthless robber raids away,
No fierce volcano's withering shower—
No fell simon with poisonous breath—
Nor burning sun, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.
And here shall rise our song to Thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky,
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here—at the throne of heaven above,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

RENNET FOR SCOURS IN COWS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the Cultivator, I find an inquiry for a remedy for scours in cows, to which I would answer, that in the fall of 1837 the scours got among my lambs, and quite a number of them died of the disease before I could stop it. A friend informed me that he had a two year old steer that had the same disease for several weeks, and every medicine that he administered failed, till some one recommended rennet. He gave it, and it effected an immediate cure. I commenced to give it to my lambs, liquid, the same as prepared to set a curd for cheese. I gave four tablespoonfuls to each lamb, and every one recovered, and I have continued to use it to this day, and have never known it to fail in a single instance; except when a sheep has the disease while dying with old age. One dose generally cures; if not, repeat it in twenty-four hours. I give six tablespoonfuls to an old sheep; from six to ten times that quantity, I should think, would answer for a cow. READ BERRITT. Burdett, N. Y., July 10, 1855.

Another correspondent writes that he had a cow taken with scours, from eating swamp hay, and after trying beech bark, iron wood bark, Eran root, and mullein steeped, and other popular remedies, the cow was given up to die; but as a last resource he gave her a pint of whiskey into the scours, and she recovered. He then, at the recommendation of a friend, took a rennet soaked in water, and gave her a quarter of it daily, and "she is now to all appearance getting well."

(Albany Cultivator.)

FACTS ABOUT MILK. Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and it is desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy, 50 degrees Fahrenheit, all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in tundry weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be the best drinking, hence it would be best for calves; in summer it is best suited for cheese; and in autumn the butter keeping is better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

A CURIOUS FACT.

The Magazine of Horticulture, says, what is in common language termed a bulbous root is by Linnaeus, termed the Hybernale, or Winter Lodge of the young plant. These bulbs in every respect, resemble buds, except in being produced under ground, and include the leaves and flower in miniature, which are to be expanded in the ensuing spring. By cautiously cutting, in the early spring, through the concentric coats of a tulip root, longitudinally from the top to the base, and taking them off successively, the whole flower of the next summer's tulip is beautifully seen by the naked eye, with its petals, pistil and stamens; the flowers exist in other bulbs, in the same manner, but the individual flowers of others being less, they are not so easily dissected, or conspicuous to the naked eye. In the bulb of the Daphne laureola, and in those of the Hepatica, and at the base of the Osmunda lunaria, a perfect plant of the future year may be found, complete in all its parts.

NUTRITIVE MATTER IN WHEAT, BARLEY AND OATS.

Barley is said to contain 65 per cent. of nutritive matter; Wheat contains 74 per cent. A bushel of Barley weighing 50 lbs. therefore contains about 33 lbs. of nutriment, while a bushel of wheat weighing 60 lbs. contains 47 lbs. Good oats, weighing 40 lbs. contain about 24 lbs. of nutritive substance; so that the comparative value of oatmeal, barley, and oats in feeding cattle may be represented by 47, 33, and 24, the measure being the same. The experiments on which these comparative values were founded, were carefully first made by Einhoff, and subsequently confirmed on a large scale by Thor.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

TO MAKE CORN OYSTERS. I take three dozen ears of Indian corn, six eggs, lard and butter in equal portions for frying. The corn must be young and soft. Grate it from the cob as fine as possible, and dredge it with wheat flour. Beat very light the six eggs, and mix them gradually with the corn. Then let the whole be well incorporated by hard beating, and add a spoonful of salt.

Have ready in a frying pan, a sufficient quantity of lard and fresh butter mixed together. Set it over the fire till it has boiled hot, and then put in portions of the corn mixture, so as to form oval cakes about three inches long, and nearly an inch thick. Fry them brown, and send them to table hot. In taste they will be found to have a singular resemblance to fried oysters, and universally liked if properly done. They make nice side dishes at dinner, and are good at breakfast. (Farmer and Mechanic.)

TOMATO FISH. Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them, and place in a stone jar with the same amount of sugar as tomatoes. Let them stand two days, and then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises; pour this syrup over the tomatoes and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again; after the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good, if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather; then place on large earthen dishes or plates, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week; after which, pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this way will keep for years. A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of the syrup, makes a very nice sauce.

(Prairie Farmer.)

INDIAN BREAKFAST CAKE. Take one half pint of new milk, a little sugar, one egg, a table spoonful of cream, a little salt and salt mixed with Indian meal, to the consistency of a thick batter. Then pour it into a buttered bake pan, fill it two-thirds full, and bake half an hour; when done, cut in small squares, and serve hot. (Ohio Farmer.)

HUNGARIAN NECTAR. We have received the following recipe from Mr. N. Dyer, of South Abington. Take one gallon of water, four pounds loaf or common sugar, six oz. tartaric acid, one oz. epsom salts, with the white of two eggs, well beat up in a half pint of water, thickened with two spoonfuls of wheat flour to a common thickening for porridge. Add the above together in a brass kettle, and skim it before boiling. When a little cool add as much lemon, watermelon, or any other essence, as will make it palatable.

To Use. Put two spoonfuls in a half pint glass, fill it two-thirds full of water, and one-fourth teaspoonful carbonated soda, and stir; it is then fit for use. Color with red sanders or alkanet root as you like. The above costs but 75 cents. (Nantasket Gazette.)

DRINK FROM FRESH FRUIT.

One pint of currants, stripped—four raspberries make an agreeable addition—one pint of milk; boil them to gether ten or fifteen minutes, strain to one ounce or two ounces of loaf sugar. When fresh fruit cannot be had, dissolve two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly in half a pint of boiling water.

SALTING BEEF FOR SUMMER USE. For one hundred pounds of beef, take sixteen quarts of fine Ashton sack salt, and four ounces of saltpetre; cut the meat and pack it edgewise, after rubbing the pieces all over with the salt; and after a laying is completed, take an axe or a mallet, and pound down solid. Then sprinkle on a little saltpetre, and fill up all interstices with salt, and so on till the cask is full. Those who do not like saltpetre may omit it without injury to the meat. I have salted my beef in this way for fifteen years. It needs no soaking before boiling, and will be tender and sweet the year round. By this way of salting, it makes its own brine, and never wants repacking, nor the brine scalding. If the brine should not cover it in the Spring, sufficient may be added for that purpose.

A FACT IN REGARD TO DRILLING WHEAT.



THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1885.

THE FLOUR MONOPOLY.

Mr. Editor:—In your paper of the 24th inst., is an article attributing the high price of flour, to some extent at least, to the flour speculators. The following I cut from the Boston Journal, of the 7th inst.; it was taken from the Rochester Union—

"The following sale of new wheat, by sample, took place this morning, and a large sale it was. Mr. E. N. Buell, commission merchant, sold 24,000 bushels prime white Illinois wheat at \$1.85 per bushel, deliverable between date of sale and September 15. This wheat was so very good that it would have passed readily for Genesee. The parties for whom Mr. Buell sold state that there is not much wheat of this grade in Illinois. The price paid by city millers for so large a quantity, indicates that they have confidence in the market, and that the decline is not to be so rapid as we have supposed."

Can you tell me why the speculators should look to keep wheat at such a figure, when they are just going to purchase the coming crop? Is it not buying dear at the risk of selling cheap? The high price goes into the pockets of the western farmers, and if the fall is to come after the speculators have bought the crop, who will be the losers? This cry about the speculators is overdone.

NOTE. We do not know who the writer of the above communication is, but this we do know, that there has been, and still is, a combination of flour speculators who have hitherto kept flour up to a price far higher than the natural condition of things would warrant.

They mean, if possible, to still keep it up. Look at the facts: A few years ago, flour could be had for six or eight dollars per barrel. Why? Because the supply was greater than the demand, and hence the above was a fair price. Now, the same quality of flour is up to from ten to fourteen dollars. Why? The natural course of such a high price would be, because the supply did not equal the demand; but this is not the case, now, the supply has more than equalled the demand; for there are now thousands and tens of thousands of barrels of old flour on hand—there has, in reality, been no scarcity, and yet, flour has been up to famine price.

The paragraph above, quoted from the Rochester Union, amounts to nothing. It was, probably, if an actual sale, one made by men who well understand what effect the telling of it would have upon the public, and the markets, tending to keep up the inflated prices of the past year. Read if you please, what we quote on the first page from the Rural New Yorker, where one wheat grower of central New York, is calling upon his brother wheat growers to combine together and net sell low, and this too, in the face and eyes of the fact that the whole land, from California to Madawaska, is growing under the burthen of one of the greatest wheat crops ever known, over so wide an extent of country. It may be a little short in central New York, but central New York has long since ceased to be the granary of the Union, and a little diminution of the crop there, will never affect the wide spread abundance.

In proof that there has been a monopoly of the means of conveyance, let us tell you a story: Our friend and neighbor Dr. Prescott, of the Westchester Cold Water Institute, having many millions to supply with bread, and feeling the oppression of the enormous retail prices, wrote to a friend in Illinois to purchase him a quantity of flour, not less than twenty barrels, and forward to him. The friend wrote him back that he could purchase the flour reasonably, but, to save his life, he could not get it to him by any conveyance, by steamboat, canal-boat, or railway, for they were all engaged, and promised, and mortgaged, to the dealers for six months in advance.

When the "dealers" have thus got such control over the lines of transportation, that they cannot take the comparatively small freight of twenty barrels without their consent, what do you call it? Monopoly? or what name can you give it?

Our friend thinks "this cry about the speculators is overdone!" He may rely upon it the cry is not finished, nor will it be, until such infamous combinations are broken up.

GRAND EXHIBITION.

We have received a programme of a grand Horse and Cattle exhibition, that is to come off in Providence, R. I., on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of Sept. next.

The prize list amounts to four thousand dollars, and the competition is open to all the States of the Union, and the British Provinces to boot. On Tuesday 11th, is the exhibition of cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, also the ploughing and drawing matches. On Wednesday 12th, a grand cavalcade of all the horses entered, and the exhibition and examination of the stallions entered, all the breeding mares and all the fillies. There will also be at 3 o'clock P. M., a trial of speed of horses that never trotted for money; owners to drive, and to persons who have never driven for money. An advertiser to be delivered in the evening. Each competitor will be charged \$20 dollars entrance fee.

On Thursday, 13th. Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition of matched horses and of ponies. All horses under 13 1/2 hands high, to be considered as ponies. At 3 o'clock P. M., trials of speed of horses that never trotted for money, free to all drivers, subject to the same entrance fees as those of Wednesday. Last premium \$200, 24 100.

On Friday, 14th. Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition and examination of Family Horses and Roadsters, and trial of Draft Horses. At 3 o'clock P. M. Grand trial of speed, free for all trotting horses, and all drivers. Entrance fee \$20—first premium \$200, 24 100.

On Saturday, 15th. Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition and examination of stallions entered, all the breeding mares and all the fillies. There will also be at 3 o'clock P. M., a trial of speed of horses that never trotted for money, free to all drivers, subject to the same entrance fees as those of Wednesday. Last premium \$200, 24 100.

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TERRIBLE ELECTION RIOT.

On Monday last week, election-day in Kentucky, a serious riot between the Americans and foreigners broke out, in the course of which a number of persons, said to be from 15 to 20, were killed, and a number of houses were burned by the mob. The foreigners are accused of having commenced aggression upon the Americans. A telegraphic dispatch from Louisville, dated the 7th, gives the following particulars:—

"The riot commenced thus: In the first ward, as two gentlemen were riding in a carriage they were fired at from a house containing Germans, and the Irish. One gentleman was wounded, and the other killed. When Edward Williams of the second ward, Joseph Salvage, and John Latta, Americans, went to the scene of the trouble, and they were also fired at. Latta had his leg badly shattered by a musket ball, and Williams was also wounded.

Exaggerated reports then spread to the lower part of the city in regard to the affair, causing a large crowd to assemble, thirsting for revenge. They gathered around the house from which the firing commenced, took two Germans from it, and beat them so badly that their recovery is considered very doubtful. The house was then completely sacked.

The crowd then proceeded to the houses on the corner of Shelby and Madison streets, from whence Germans had been seen firing, riddled two groceries, a beer house, and two houses owned and occupied by Germans, and injured several of their inhabitants.

They then went to Jefferson street, where a party of gentlemen coming into the city had been fired upon from a larger brewery, sacked the houses around it, burned the brewery, beat the Irishmen who shot at them, and then they fired from all the houses which were attacked. The crowd now talked of sacking the Catholic church, where it was rumored firearms had been secreted, but Mayor Barbee and others prevailed upon them to leave it alone for the time being.

The disturbances were now supposed to be over, as the crowd had marched to an engine house in the fifth ward, with their canoes, and were beginning to disperse, but after a while it was learned that the trouble had been going on in the upper part of the city, several persons had been fired upon in the lower part of Main street, and that at about five o'clock P. M. two Americans had been shot at from an Irish house on the corner of Main and Chapel streets, and this without the slightest provocation being given on their part as far as could be learned.

This intelligence started the disturbances afresh. The Irishmen who shot at the Americans then taken and immediately hung, but was cut down before life became extinct.

Thirty or more shots were fired from the Irish houses on the corner of Main and Chapel streets, and the Irishmen who shot at them were wounded. The inmates of a row of houses, owned by a man named Quinn, fired on a party passing by, when they turned on their assailants, burned their houses, and killed several, all Irishmen.

Some of the Irishmen in their houses were burned to death. A woman and a man named Quinn are among those that were killed. Eight to ten houses were destroyed, and the number of killed is said to be 15 to 20. The excitement was very great, and warlike movements were observable, but the crowd finally dispersed, and it is hoped peace has at length been obtained. A large extra police has been put on duty, and Mayor Barbee has issued a proclamation. Bishop Spaulding has published a card disclaiming any connection with the rioters, and calling upon his flock to be peaceable, orderly and quiet, and it is thought there will be no more disturbances.

The fighting was at a distance from the polls. No cause can be assigned for the assaults, and they originated in the first place with a few drunken men. The keys of the Roman Catholic Central Jail were placed in the hands of the Mayor by Bishop Spaulding.

The Louisville Journal, which is classed as a Know Nothing paper, says that the riot was wholly disconnected with the election, and was a premeditated affair. It also professes to have information that the Irish Catholics in the vicinity of Quinn's house contemplated an attack on the American procession on Saturday, but were deterred by the immense number composing it.

The military were called out on Monday evening, but we do not hear of any further disturbances. On the other hand, the opposition papers in Louisville contradict this statement flatly, and assert that the trouble originated in the attempts of the American party to prevent foreigners from voting. A judicial investigation alone will bring out the facts.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE.

The commencement at Waterville last week is spoken of as a very excellent one.

The several Literary Societies held their anniversary on Tuesday, and the regular commencement exercises took place on Wednesday. An oration was delivered before the Delta Kappa Society, by Rev. R. M. Nott, of Cambridgeport, and a poem by Rev. G. C. Fairbanks, of Somerset, Mass., and before the United Literary Society, Rev. D. N. Sheldon, of Bath, delivered the oration, and John G. Saxe, Esq., of Vermont, the poem.

The formance of the graduating class are highly spoken of.

FIRE. On Sunday afternoon, fire was discovered in the cold air box of the furnace to the High School House. The building was filled with smoke, but the fire was extinguished before any material damage was done. It was set purposely, without doubt, as there has been no fire in the building for a number of weeks.

Monday noon another alarm was given, and it was found that another attempt had been made to fire the building, by putting paper between the boards of the steps in front, and setting fire to it. A couple of the boards were torn up, and the fire was quickly extinguished. These fires are said to have been the work of boys.

If so, they should be detected and punished as they deserve. Our citizens have paid too much for our school houses and public buildings to have them turned down, to afford a little fun to some heedless reckless boys, for whom the Reform School is the fitting place.

Since the above was written, we learn that another attempt to fire the school house was made on Monday afternoon, by setting fire to an out-house connected with the building.

Big Calves. Mr. G. S. Worcester, of Vienna has one of the big calves, that is of the following dimensions:—length, 5ft.; girth, 4ft. 1 inch; height 3 ft. 3 in. He is only three and one-half months old, and of a dark red color.

Mr. A. D. Bacon, of Sidney, has another, nine weeks old, of the following dimensions:—length, 4 ft 3 inches; height, 3 feet 1 inch; girth, 3 feet 8 inches—is of a speckled color, about equal proportions of red and white, and has had no extra care or keeping. Mr. B. would buy or sell.

The Governor of Kansas. Hon. John D. Dawson, recently appointed Governor of Kansas, vice Reeder, removed, has declined the nomination, and President Pierce has appointed Hon. Wilson Shannon, ex-Governor of Ohio.

Great Peas. A friend has sent us specimens of peas, raised by Capt. John Blanchard, of Pittsboro, which are the largest we have seen for a long time. There is also a variety of blue peas, which are somewhat raised in this vicinity.

THE NEW METAL.

Quite an excitement has taken place among the chemists of France, in consequence of a discovery made by Saint Clair Deville, by which he has been enabled to extract the metallic principles of clay, known by the name of aluminum. Although enough had been known from the researches of Sir Humphry Davy, years ago, that there was a metal in clay, or in other words that common clay in its purity, was a compound made up of a distinct metallic substance and other matters united with it, the metal had never been obtained in sufficient quantities to enable one to ascertain all its peculiar characteristics.

This has at length been done, and it has been found to possess valuable properties.

It may seem very curious to many, that our common clay banks contain a valuable metal of peculiar characteristics, which, if separated, could be used instead of gold or platinum, in many of the arts. The brick-maker as he tempests the mortar for his bricks, or the potter as he moulds a jug, would be surprised to see the chemist extract from that brick, or jug, a bright shining hard and durable metal, and yet it can now be done. The following is an account given of some of the properties of this metal, called as we before said, aluminum.

"As aluminum is nine times lighter than platinum, and presents also a surface nine times more extended than the latter metal with an equal thickness, its resistance to oxidation should be productive of great advantages, above all, that its price has become very accessible. The aluminum here spoken of is very difficult to forge. In order to roll it, it has been found necessary to anneal it at each pass. By depositing copper electro-chemically on a plate of aluminum, they have succeeded by the aid of rollers in reducing it to very thin plates. Hard aluminum acquires by annealing an indelicacy which would make it of use in the construction of all kinds of scales for assays or analysis. This metal is so light that the weights of the system being the same, the arms of the beam can be elongated a great deal, and long blades can be placed even on the extreme points of suspension, as on the center of oscillation. The author does not doubt that in weighing 20 grammes, the sensibility of the balance would not raise a half-millimetre."

The reported scarcity in ARROSTOOK. A correspondent who writes from Arroostook County, speaking of the letter of Rev. Mr. Keep, in relation to the furnishing condition of the French settlers in that part of the State, an extract from which appeared in the Farmer, thinks that matters there are not so bad as they are represented. He says:—"No one doubts that the people there find it difficult to procure provisions, but, in fact, it is always so with them, as they depend on begging, and the like, for a subsistence."—With regard to the provision made for their relief, last spring, by the State, about which our correspondent enquires, we believe it was all distributed, and some further relief given by Hon. Nathaniel Blake, the agent for the distribution of the State's bounty. We do not know of any "object in circulating the stories that are going the rounds of the newspapers," in regard to this matter. If there are any misstatements in the account referred to, we are inclined to think they were not made purposely.

The elections. Elections were held on Monday last week in Alabama, Kentucky, and two or three other States. The returns show that in Kentucky, Moreland, the K. N. candidate, is elected Governor. Both branches of the Legislature are K. N. The latest news from Kentucky is given in the following despatch:—

Louisville, Aug. 10. In eighty counties, Moreland's (K. N.) majority is 9500. The counties remaining to be heard from gave Gen. Pierce a majority of 2200. For Congress, six K. N.'s, and three Anti K. N.'s are chosen, and one district doubtful.

The following is the latest by telegraph from Alabama:—

Washington, August 11. A dispatch received by the Intelligence Bureau from Alabama says that Messrs. Shorter, Dowdell, Houston and Harris, all Democrats, are elected to Congress; and that the election of a Democratic Governor and Legislature is certain. In three Congressional Districts the result is not known.

The Union also has a dispatch which says that Whinston is elected Governor by an immense majority; that the Legislature will be largely Democratic, and that six Democrats and one Know Nothing are elected to Congress.

The majority for Wise, dom, at the late election in Virginia, by the official returns, is 10,180.

EXHIBITION OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON. Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, President of this Society, has made an application to the Board of Aldermen (which will be acted upon at a special meeting on Monday next) for the use of a square of vacant land, about forty acres, at the South end, bounded by Worcester and Brookline streets, Harrison Avenue, and the continuation of Albany street, for the purposes of the great national exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society in October next. It is proposed to have a competition with the show of fruits, flowers, implements, cattle, &c., of this demonstration, a magnificent horse exhibition, which shall exceed in extent and beauty that at Springfield two or three years since. Various cities have made application for this great display—Philadelphia tendering \$5000 to cover any anticipated excess of expenditure; but Boston, through its leading citizens, has guaranteed \$10,000, and will have the show.

It is estimated that a hundred thousand strangers will visit the city to attend the exhibition. The members of the Board in town are all favorable to the application, and the request will doubtless be promptly granted at the meeting on Monday.

We hope that Col. Wilder will succeed in obtaining the grounds, and in having the exhibition contemplated. It will be well attended, and we doubt not give a good additional impulse to the cause of agricultural improvement.

GREAT GROWTH. The luxuriance of vegetation this season is quite remarkable. A friend showed us the other day, a twig of a white-barked tree that had grown nearly eight feet in height, and was still going ahead. Also a rod of maple that had grown over six feet. The growth of bean vines in the gardens and fields is very uncommon.

UNITED DAIRY MAIDS. We have in Winthrop a society of "United Dairy Maids," consisting of four members. One of them has two cows, and three have one each. Yankee like they keep milk, and the sight of the cheese they have manufactured would delight a hungry man, and a taste of them refresh his inner man still more.

LIQUOR SEIZURE. The Portland Advertiser chronicles the seizure, on Thursday last, from a small schooner called the Ocean Ranger, of 21 kegs, containing about 400 gallons of liquor. It is thought the liquor was shipped from Portsmouth, N. H.

SNAKELOGY. Our friend Samuel Brown has discovered a snake's nest in his garden, and very politely furnished us with a part of the eggs. We believe there are serpents crawling already, and shall take no pains to have them hatched. A snake might be curious but not very profitable.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING. The friends of education will see by a paragraph in another column, that the American Institute of Instruction, will meet in Bath next Tuesday and continue in session three days.

LETTER FROM ARROSTOOK.

Mr. Editor:—Having spent some time in the valuable yet sparsely settled portion of Maine, I take the liberty of intruding myself upon your attention by a few thoughts upon the condition and prospects of this important, but hitherto too much neglected portion of our State in an agricultural point of view, hoping thereby to attract public attention to the importance of more rapid settlement for farming purposes.

Though much has been said, and truly said, of the resources of this country, the fertility of its soil, the luxuriant growth of its forests, the number and extent of its water power and water courses, and its general adaptiveness to sustain and furnish facilities for the productive energy of a large population, yet public attention has not been sufficiently aroused to its importance.

With the finest and most invigorating climate one can probably find on this climate at this season of the year; with some of the most varied, picturesque and beautiful scenery the sun ever shone upon; with all that nature can produce to gratify the sense or supply the wants of man in this vigorous climate, the immigration is yet slow, and its agricultural resources too much overlooked.

The lumbering interest having always been the leading one, and the one to which public attention has been mainly directed, comparatively little is known of how much of the necessities of life may be raised, or what advantages the fertility of the soil presents to the agriculturist, and the ready demand for all that can be produced.

The inducement which the State offers to settlers to come in and take up her land, is the best that could be offered for the benefit of the person settling, and the permanent settlement of the country.

For fifty cents an acre any person who is a citizen of the United States may take a lot not exceeding two hundred acres, have three years to pay, and work the same out upon the road by his own dwelling. After clearing fifteen acres, putting ten into grass, building a house thereon and residing in the same two years, and holding the lot four, he is entitled to a good and sufficient deed from the State. In the mean time he holds a certificate from the same, which he gets at the Land Office, and which is a guarantee for a deed when the other settling duties are performed.

I have often asked what are the inducements for settlers, and what the advantages over older portions of the State? And have been told this in almost every instance in each township. We can produce from twenty-five to forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre on burnt land, from twenty to thirty-five on ploughed land, on an average, to speak safely within bounds, of one bushel to the acre; forty and forty-five being a large yield and twenty a very common one. Of oats from forty to sixty bushels on burnt, and from thirty to forty on ploughed land. Of potatoes from two to three hundred bushels per acre, on burnt land, where they require no hoeing and come out smoother and dryer than from ploughed soil, and the finest flavored I have seen since forty-two and three, when Maine stood unrivalled for quantity and quality of Maine Mercer potatoes. Corn is not so scarce, yet I have been told by some of the Arroostook farmers who have tried it, that they have produced at the rate of one hundred bushels to the acre; and it is the prevailing opinion that on most of the farms, enough can be raised to supply the wants of each farmer's family. Grass has been one of the leading productions, and to that the soil is peculiarly adapted, and the want almost equal to the production. From one to three tons to the acre is the common yield, and that generally after the land is more or less exhausted with other crops. The hay produced here is of much better quality, from the fact that grass lands are less weedy than the older sections.

Wheat is a crop to which the soil seems better adapted than any other portions of New England, and one which has been as successful as any other. But little attention has been paid, however, to the raising it, for various reasons. The facilities for getting it manufactured into flour have been exceedingly poor, there being but few mills and those badly adapted to the purpose of making good flour. The demand for oats and hay, for teams in the woods, has always been great, and they being a cash article and finding a more speedy market, have been tended to almost exclusively by the farmers. Arroostook is the nearest to the coast, and they have looked to the west for bread, which they have neglected wheat growing, and only attended to it as a secondary branch of agriculture.

But enough has been said to demonstrate the fact that this part of Maine can be made a wheat producing section; and instead of paying thousands upon thousands of dollars for the single article of flour each year, as has ever been done here, a portion of the energy and capital of our business men should be directed to producing from our fertile soil rather than the forest. Here are hardly men enough, men used to toil, used to the privations of frontier life, who if they had the capital, and the direction of more business men, would soon be turning the forest into fruitful fields. We need more capital invested in mills, in stock, in agricultural implements; more knowledge of the nature and adaptation of our soil; more time spent in clearing, building and cultivating our land; less capital spent in the forest; less time and talent in useless speculation.

This year seems to be producing a change in this respect, and we hope the beginning of a different state of things in our country. There is this year the amount sown in this county this year to what there has been any previous one; and if the crop turns out as it seems to promise now, there will not be much short of one hundred thousand bushels of wheat raised in this county alone. Yet comparatively little of the wild land is under cultivation, and hundreds of thousands of acres of the best lands of our State are now waiting occupants. While hundreds of men are leaving Maine each year to go and make a home in the west, that shall produce them twenty bushels to the acre, they are leaving land in their own State that will produce as much or more and will command more than double in price. It may be asked why are so many emigrating, if this offers such facilities for retaining them? There are various excuses for so doing. One says he leaves because he cannot make a living for himself and family, when he has never applied himself to raising the staff of life, but principally he leaves for the lumbermen's towns. Another, because of our long cold winters, forgetting that for our snow banks he is getting warmer bread; for our black northwester, the damp chilly air of the prairie, that strikes to the very soul, taking out the life and energy from a good constitution, acquired among the bleak hills of his native Maine. Another, that three acres are cultivated there as easily as one here, not thinking that the produce of one here will bring as much as three there. Forgetting also that, for the cool bracing air of our hills and valleys, where himself and those dependent upon him never know the pangs of sickness, he is to receive the annual visit of chills and fevers, and is rapidly being consumed.

behind the blooming cheek of his wife and little ones fade day by day and month after month, by the slow wasting fever, in his prairie home, himself languid and drooping under the miasma of a dull, monotonous, but fertile country. Sons of Maine who contemplate making a home in the west, away from the scenes of your childhood, ponder before you leave—think whether the privations you may have to undergo may not be lessened by a shorter trip eastward, and one made where more happiness may be enjoyed, with perhaps as much profit, in Arroostook, as the mighty west.

Arroostook, Aug. 5, 1855.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS.

The Newfoundland Telegraph. It is stated that the telegraph to St. John, Newfoundland, will be in working order in the course of six or eight weeks. When completed, the European steamers are to stop there on their way to and from Europe, and deliver and receive messages. By this means the passage of news from Liverpool will be shortened, so that it will not probably occupy more than six or eight days.

Cheap Traveling. The fair from Montreal to Quebec; distance about 160 miles, by the Grand Trunk and Richmond & Quebec Railroads is only \$1.50 for first class cars, and \$1.00 for second class. Cheap enough, who cannot afford to travel at this low rate.

Portable Gas Works. A company in Baltimore has employed twenty-five or thirty hands in making portable gas works. Those for private houses are about the size of a cooking stove, and as easily managed. The cost of the gas is about two dollars per thousand feet and four hours suffices to generate this quantity. The material used is resin oil. The company have been trying an experiment, by filling bags made of india rubber, to be used on steamboats, and it promises to be entirely successful. These machines have been adopted by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and are now in use at Kingwood Tunnel, where they are highly thought of by the master of the road.

Oats in Penobscot County. Three farmers in one of the towns of Penobscot county, have their oat crop in such a manner to form a continuous field three miles long. It is estimated that the crop of the three will reach six thousand bushels.

Sad Accident. Cincinnati, Aug. 7. The cornice of the new building in progress of erection for the Ohio Life and Trust Company fell this morning, crushing to death six persons, and injuring two so seriously that their recovery is despaired of. Robert Cameron (master builder) and W. B. Curtis (superintendent of the building), who were sitting beneath at the time, and John S. Chambers and B. Waldron, who were passing by, were known as among the killed.

Accident. A man employed in Perkins' steam mill in Hallowell, had his left hand cut off on Tuesday last week, by an accidental contact with a circular saw.

Boston Sewers. The Traveller says that Boston has the best and most thorough system of sewerage in the country. The entire length of the sewerage is about seventy miles, and some of the drains are large enough to admit the passage of full grown men. One in Dover street will admit them as far as Camden street, there being openings from above to admit fresh air. In the vicinity of tide water enormous rats enter the sewers, and the men who pass through them arm themselves with stout clubs for defence, should they be attacked. The sewers are kept clean with Coehuita water, which is one reason of the general good health of the city.

Factory Difficulties. Trouble has arisen in some of the Connecticut factories between the operatives and the employers. At Williamatic, the factories have been standing still on this account, since the 1st of August, the operatives being on a strike for a reduction of the hours of labor from twelve hours on five days and nine hours on Saturday, to eleven hours on five days and nine hours on Saturday. The large cotton mills at Norwich Falls have been partially suspended on account of the strike, and other establishments are embarrassed in a similar manner. At North Windham the hands demand ten hours, and the employers offer to compromise for eleven.

A Vessel run down. When off Holyhead, on the night of the 21st ult., the Collins steamer Baltic, during a thick fog, ran down a schooner laden with slates, from Bangor to Bristol. All who were on board, including a little girl, the captain's daughter, were picked up by boats from the steamer. The schooner was afterwards found and taken into port. With the generosity that distinguishes the Americans the world, over the passengers of the Baltic presented the child of the captain with two hundred dollars, and the crew with three hundred dollars.

The California Branch Mint. The San Francisco Branch Mint during the last few months had coined nearly nine millions of dollars, and the coinage in June amounted to over three millions, which is double the amount of any preceding month. Arrangements are now so perfected that in forty-eight hours after the reception of the coin will be ready for delivery.

A New Scindale. A nice looking young man went around among the citizens of Nashua, N. H., the day before a circus was to exhibit, to accommodate the public with tickets, just to save them the trouble in the midst of the rush. He realized about a hundred dollars, and of course the circus repudiated the bogus tickets.

Danger of Famine. A farmer in south-western Ohio being asked if the rain had done much damage replied—"O yes, the ears of corn are so long and heavy that they reach entirely across the rows and very much impede the locomotion in the fields." The country is in a dreadful condition.

Bristol Copper Mines. The Bristol, (Ct.) Copper Mining Company has received for the ore mined 1847 to '55, \$195,000. The mine is relieved of water by pump discharging one hundred and nine gallons a minute. The main shaft is two hundred and forty feet deep, and part of the water has to be lifted from that depth to the surface; but the mine is not a wet mine, as appears by the small amount of gallons discharged per minute. The pumps themselves are worked by water power.

Manufacture of Salt. The Charleston Mercury states that a French gentleman, M. Thomazeau, has made a careful examination of the United States, with reference to the manufacture of salt from sea water. Mr. T. has had great experience on the subject, and is satisfied that salt can be made here by evaporation, as on the coasts of the Mediterranean, for two cents a bushel. He has gone to France to obtain the requisite materials, and will return by December to begin operations.

A new mode of hiving bees. A few days since three boys in Norfolk, Ct., discovered a swarm of bees settled upon a low bush. One of them immediately disrobed, and taking his shirt, tied up the neck and arms, and then slipped it over the swarm, and in this manner succeeded in securing and hiving it.

Hot, Hotter, Hottest. A correspondent of the New York Express closes his journal of one of the hottest days with the following alarming proclamation:—"P. S.—The huge pile of bricks in Wall street, near Broad, has just caught fire, and is rapidly being consumed."

Shocking Accident. On Monday last, James Crowley, of this city, in attempting to get upon a gravel train on the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, near Hallowell, fell with one leg upon the track, which was horribly crushed, just above the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. The loss of blood was so great that his life was considered in a critical state.

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ENFORCING THE PASSENGER LAWS.

The authorities of New York, since the establishment of the Customs Guard, Emigration Depot, show a disposition to enforce the laws in regard to passengers in emigrant ships. The Commissioners of Emigration have commenced a prosecution against Capt. Hilton, of the ship Wabana, belonging in Wisconsin, Me., on a charge of having landed his passengers at pier No. 14, North River, instead of at Castle Garden, at which latter place he had been directed by the Health Officer to land them; and also for neglecting to commute or give bond for said passengers, &c. An attachment has also been granted against the ship. The New York Express gives the following particulars in regard to the case:—

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

The steamship Baltic arrived at New York on Wednesday last week, bringing one week later news from Europe. Among the passengers were Horace Greeley, who is bearer of despatches to government. We make the following synopsis of the news:—

GRAT BATTAL. The British Ministry after their narrow escape on the Tuna, guarantee, will now most probably be able to retain their places.

Parliament will be prorogued on, about the 11th inst.

Sir William Molesworth is definitely appointed Colonial Secretary.

The Parliamentary committee on the Arctic expedition has resolved to grant £10,000 to Captain McClure and his crew for discovery of the Northwest Passage.

The funeral procession of the late Lord Raglan took place in Bristol on the 25th ult., and although as a spectacle the ceremony fell far short of the funeral of Wellington, yet as a spontaneous expression of public feeling it could hardly be surpassed.

The official notice of the dismemberment of the body was given only the day previous to the funeral. The morning of the 25th was ushered in by the firing of minute guns from many points of the city, and the firing of the guns, attended by a guard of the body of the deceased chief was conveyed from the Caradoc to the steamer Stath, and placed on a bier covered with black cloth and crapes, and surrounded by a casket of the same materials.

At eleven o'clock the bier was conveyed to the vessel, comprising Lord Raglan, Colonel Bazel, Colonel Kingsford, and others. The bier was carried to the ship, and the body was placed on a bier covered with black cloth and crapes, and surrounded by a casket of the same materials.

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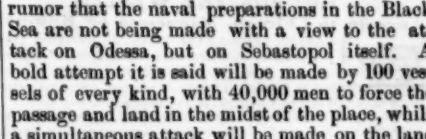
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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL



NEWSPAPER.

MASS CONVENTION, GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AND TEACHERS' CLASS FOR 1855.

The Maine State Musical Association will hold their Twelfth Annual Convention at Bath, Me., on Tuesday, the 4th of September, 1855, at 9 o'clock A. M.; and the Teachers' Class, under the sanction of the Association, will commence its sessions at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue four days.

The Class will be under the direction of Professor B. F. Baker, of Boston, aided by Professor Henderson and Ball, and Mrs. Minnie Little. Mr. Baker will introduce and use his new work, "Baker's Church Music." Suitable Glee Music will be furnished free.

The M. S. M. Association is one of the oldest and ranks among the first Musical Associations in New England. For the past four years its progress has been onward and upward. A greater gathering is anticipated at the coming Festival than even last year, when the class numbered about four hundred. Come, then, Singers and Musicians of this and the neighboring States, and partake of the rich treat now proffered.

Tickets to admit gentlemen may be had for one dollar each at Hyde's Bookstore. Ladies who are regular members of the Chorus in Bath, and all ladies attending from other places will be furnished with free tickets.

Arrangements have been made with the Superintendent of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad for reduction of fare.

Board from 75 cents to \$1.25 per day.

M. B. SEARS, Cor. Secretary.

Windrop, July 30, 1855.

LIGNOUS PAPER MILL. We mentioned a few weeks since that the foundation for a new paper mill for the manufacture of paper from basswood, had been laid near Little Falls, by Mr. George W. Barnard, of Albany.

At the premises last week, on Mill street, we were surprised on witnessing the progress already made. The building, has, indeed, assumed a substantial and durable building in our village. The basement wall, on the river side, is eight feet thick—some of the stones in it, obtained on the spot, will weigh from eight to ten tons. The dimensions of the mill building are 81x100, with a wing on the east side 50 feet wide and 90 feet long.

Mr. Barnard is manufacturing his own paper engines in this village, and has a large stock of paper on hand. He has a large stock of paper on hand. He has a large stock of paper on hand.

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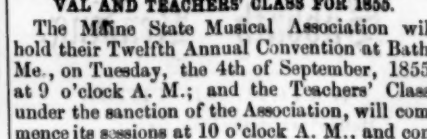
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AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Flour, Meal, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Butter, Eggs, and various meats.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Lard, Tallow, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Soap, Candles, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Sugar, Coffee, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Tea, Spice, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Wine, Beer, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Brandy, Rum, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Whisky, Gin, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Vinegar, Mustard, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Pickles, Preserves, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Jam, Marmalade, and various oils.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes items like Syrup, Honey, and various oils.

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NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND BOOK-STORE.

FRANCIS BLAKE, Publisher, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Standard, Choice, and Miscellaneous Books, Music, Maps, Stationery, and Printing. Tracts and Pamphlets at a low price.

STATIONERY AND PAPER HANGINGS. Patent and Choice Books, Large Assortment constantly on hand. Also, to make order Blank Books for Banking Houses, Manufacturers, Clergy, &c. of the best paper, printed and ruled to order, for style and durability, and unsurpassed, as he employs in that department only those who have been long in the service of the business.

SHEET MUSIC AND PERIODICALS. Bound, in any style desired, at short notice. He has established a Depot for LAW AND MEDICAL BOOKS, special arrangements having been made to supply the Legal and Medical professions at the Publishers' Prices. LAWYER BOOKS AND LAW BLANKS, &c.

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MAINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

President—JOHN L. CUTLER. Directors—Samuel G. May, Jr., John M. Wood, Charles Jones, John H. Williams, John D. Lang, Vassallo. This Company was incorporated in 1854, and the amount of capital required by the charter has been fully paid up. It

The Muse.

THOMAS TYTTE.

The following poem, "The Muse," will be recognized as one of the productions of the author of "The Muse," "Robert of Lincoln," etc.

Fluttering nervously, here and there,
Round his ladybird—old little elf—
Now on an iron-rod, now in the air,
Thomas Tittle is describing himself.
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,
I and my wife, in this 'ere tree,
Live as jolly as ever you see.
Feddie, deo, deo.

T. Tittle, Esq., is dressed in blue,
Like every other high-born bit;
With a yellow vest and a shaker too;
You'll hear him crow, if you listen a bit.
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

Examine this coat and vest of mine,
I'm rather a looker in the tom-tit line.
Feddie, deo, deo.

The wife of Thomas, meek and brown,
A simple creature, afraid of boys,
Sits all day in a high-necked gown,
Laying eggs without any noise;
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

Lay on, my dear, nobody'll come,
I'm keeping watch in this old gun.
Feddie, deo, deo.

A very retiring female she,
Abiding at home, as females do,
Always blowing and bragging is she,
A real man-bully as ever I knew.
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

I'm not the bit of a snob that's—
I'm too good stuff for you know that's—
Feddie, deo, deo.

Heigh-ho! look here! two, four, six, eight,
Round and white—remarkable eggs!
Mrs. Tittle watches early and late,
While Thomas is laughing and kicking his legs.
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

Convenient with, like Mrs. T.,
For a free and easy fellow like me.
Feddie, deo, deo.

The eggs are shipped, and eight small tins,
(The number of eggs) creep cautiously thro';
Thomas drives half out of his wit,
Scratches his head to know what to do.
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

Trying things that's rather fat—
Unusual number, certainly—eight!
Feddie, deo, deo.

T. Tittle, Esq., in a little while,
Gets not as careful about his child,
Seems quite depressed, hath a sickly smile,
And singeth mostly thro' his nose;
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

Exactly where the young ones are,
Nobody knows 'cept wife and me.
Feddie, deo, deo.

Autumn comes—the tithers grow;
Thomas Tittle is a blockhead, gone;
To foreign parts he's going to go,
And, just as he starts, we cry all at once,
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
Spit, spit, spit,

If your voice comes back and you're not shot,
You come back with it, Tom—otherwise not.
Feddie, deo, deo.

The Story-Teller.

CHAPTER I.

So the pale stern face, and the tall spare figure of the man who bore the name of Margaret Challan had vanished from earth forever!

My mind this thought came laden with sorrow, no mournful thrill. Once, when on a visit to my Aunt Hill's, I had met Mrs. Challan; and her gloomy face and sombre dress, as she sat by the bright fire, cast over me a sort of nameless dread.

To me she seemed as a gaunt, weird shape, whose stealing in from the world of sorrow, flung its chill shadow upon the brightness of that fair home. Margaret Challan was the only aunt of my Uncle Hill; she had been kind to him in his boyhood, and her nephew remembered this with grateful affection. Upon his death bed, Stephen Hill bled his widow and only child to treat with kindly regard the cold stern woman who had so gently befriended him.

"No, Ellen," she said to me one evening, "I can never love Aunt Challan; pity her I do, for I know she has battled with fearful sorrows; but I always feel, when she is here, as though there stood something dark and dreary between me and life's sunshine. I experienced a sweet relief when the old carriage from Challan Ridge rolled homeward. Do you blame me for this, Ellen?"

"Blame you, Amy!—Ah, no; I should wonder much did you feel otherwise; to me your aunt is very chilling. But you speak of her sorrows—have they been peculiar?"

"I cannot tell you, Ellen; for about this, my mother always evades my questions. Once I was speaking of Aunt Challan, and I said there were lines in her face not alone of grief and despair, but of a fierce and terrible remorse. My mother starting from her chair, said quickly, 'Child, child, how strangely you talk!' and left the room before I could speak; but there were tears in her eyes, and I knew I had brought something very painful to mind."

Then we young girls, crouching by the fire in Amy's little room, talked wonderfully of Margaret Challan, and a strange dream of wonder came to me, as I thought of her.

As I sat in the low window seat, with the paper crumpled in my hand, the memory of this conversation returned vividly to me. Now, Margaret Challan was dead—her heart, with its great burden of hidden grief, pulsed no longer; then, as I mused, I began to wonder what would become of Challan Ridge; into whose hands the desolate yet noble old country seat would pass. I was not long in doubt.

"It was unconditionally bequeathed to us—Challan Ridge is ours, dear Ellen, and we will shortly leave our present home for it. You must go with us there, and you and I will do our best to brighten that gloomy old house."

So ended a letter from my fair young cousin Amy Hill; and it had not been read twice ere I decided to comply with her request.

"Challan Ridge shall be no longer," said Amy; and straightway it seemed to me that the old gray house, with its narrow-pointed windows and quaint little porticoes, grew bright, even cheerful, beneath the magic of her presence.

As a ray of light, Amy danced across the dark halls, up the wide staircase, and her laugh, like the smothered laugh of a fairy, so clear and sweet, rang joyously through Challan Ridge. A sunny change came over the old place, and I knew that to my aunt and her lovely young daughter, it would become a happy home.

"Amy and I followed Ruth Grey, the old housekeeper at Challan Ridge, from room to room until, almost weary, we were turning to join Aunt Hill in the bright little sitting-room, when Ruth checked us.

"May be, ladies, you would like to see the

parlor mistress always sat in," she said, pausing at the door; and we eagerly assenting, she turned the key.

It was a small room; the furniture had once been rich, but was now time-worn, and the carpet had faded to a dingy hue; but not on these did Amy's eyes or mine rest. High over the mantel hung a large picture, and upon this we both gazed, a bower, covered with dark creeping vines, a young and beautiful girl, standing in the entrance, looking timidly yet earnestly forth, whilst far above in the heavens, a clear, silvery moon threw a fair light upon the tall trees and thick shrubbery. Such was the picture. The face of the white-robed figure was one of exquisite loveliness, the dark eyes gleamed with a joyous light, and the delicately-curved lip seemed almost trembling with a smile.

"Tell me, Ruth," said Amy, turning to the old housekeeper, "is this but a fancy picture, or did—"

"Did that lovely lady once live? you were going to ask, Miss Amy. Ah, yes! but it is many a long day since death shut up her sweet bright eyes."

"And what was her name?" I asked, noticing, as I spoke, that down Ruth Grey's wrinkled cheek, a tear had found its way.

"Hope Maybrith," replied the old housekeeper.

"Hope Maybrith," repeated Amy, musingly, "I never heard that name before. Why, Ruth, who was she?"

"She was an orphan, and only child; her mother and my mistress were cousins, and when she was left poor and alone in the world, Challan Ridge became her home. But, young ladies, I added the old woman, as though wishing to change the subject, "you have not seen Master Richard's picture yet; and she moved towards it."

With a high white brow, from which the rich brown hair was carefully swept, dark blue eyes, and features clearly cut, Richard Challan's fine face looked down upon us from its massive frame.

"You see he was very handsome," said Ruth, and she sighed. "It will soon be twenty years since Master Richard died, and mistress never smiled from that day till her death."

"I think he was Aunt Challan's only child," said my cousin.

"Yes, Miss Amy, and she had planned great things for him; but they were not to be."

Then muttering something about the "young master, and sweet Miss Hope," which her sobs rendered nearly indistinct, Ruth Grey covered her face with her check apron and turned towards the window. There was but one other portrait in the room; and it was that of Margaret Challan; she had sat for it but a year before her son's death, and there were scarcely any traces of age upon her face. A widow's cap partly covered Mrs. Challan's dark hair, her mourning dress fell gracefully round her queenly figure. Upon her brow was no furrow of heavy grief, no trace of fearful sorrow, yet Amy and I looked upon this picture with a shudder. The thin compressed lips and dilated and haughty nostrils disclosed an iron will, a stern, terrible temper; we saw it in the cold hazel eyes—its shadow deepened the pale cheek.

"Oh, Ellen," half-whispered Amy, "if Aunt Challan could at this moment stand beside her picture, what a tale the two faces tell—the one glancing with that fierce determination of a proud spirit; the other darkened with the punishment that spirit had meted out for itself—remorse."

"And they were happy here beneath her roof," resumed Amy, glancing at the portraits of Richard and Hope. "How strange, Ellen! you look just like her, and I look just like her."

So the pale stern face, and the tall spare figure of the man who bore the name of Margaret Challan had vanished from earth forever!

My mind this thought came laden with sorrow, no mournful thrill. Once, when on a visit to my Aunt Hill's, I had met Mrs. Challan; and her gloomy face and sombre dress, as she sat by the bright fire, cast over me a sort of nameless dread.

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my young master stood by the fire and looked long and fixedly at her; then he crossed the room, and sat down beside her upon the wide sofa. I was laying the upper-cloth, and now and then I heard a word or two of their talk. Master Richard had a gentle voice, and it sounded very pleasant as he spoke to the young stranger.

"Do not weep, my cousin; you shall not be alone in the world; I will love you like a brother, and take care of you."

"Miss Hope tried to answer, but the great tears choked her, and she cried like any child. Oh, how Master Richard's dear blue eyes did glisten as he tried to quiet his cousin; and after a while she looked up and smiled.

"When Miss Hope had gone to her room, and as I came into the parlor with lights, I heard Master Richard say to his mother,

"She is so lovely to be mortal; I can scarcely believe she is one of earth's children."

"Nonsense, Richard! you talk just like a foolish boy of eighteen, as you are," answered my mistress, half smiling; but I thought she did not seem altogether pleased, and I knew they had been talking of Hope Maybrith.

"As Miss Hope began to feel more at home in Challan Ridge, she grew cheerful; and after a while she became one of the happiest and gayest young creatures I ever saw. Master Richard and she were always together. In fine weather, they used to ride or walk through Challan Ridge grounds, and when the days were stormy, they sat side by side in this room reading or talking; and sometimes Master Richard would give Miss Hope lessons in drawing. Poor children!" said old Ruth, with a tearful glance at the portraits, "they were so happy."

"About a year after Hope came to this house, my young master went to travel in distant countries; and then he was of age, and had grown handsome and taller. Miss Hope was fairer than ever; and I could see that Master Richard still loved her very dearly. One morning I stood by the dressing room window, when Master Richard and his cousin rode up. They halted beneath those trees; and Richard, springing from his horse, lifted Miss Hope tenderly to the ground; and then she, kissing her little hand to him, ran lightly up the broad steps, her riding habit upon her arm. They both looked so loving and so lovely, that I felt in my heart, and said aloud:

"Surely heaven has willed Master Richard and Miss Hope to become man and wife."

"I forgot that I was not alone; and when I turned from the window, and met the eyes of my mistress, I shook from head to foot.

"How dare you say that, Ruth Grey?" she asked sharply; and then, as though something had crossed her mind, she said in a quieter way, "Go down stairs now, and never waste your breath again in such nonsense."

I went quickly, and as I shut the door, I heard my mistress mutter, "Fool, fool that I have been, never to think of this! But it is not too late!"

"While Master Richard was away, he collected many beautiful pictures, and learned to be a painter; so, when he came home, he hung most of them in a parlor at the end of the hall, and called that his painting room. It was there he painted the picture of Miss Hope; and there they had always sat alone until after her careless words in the dressing-room. Then Mrs. Challan came in every day, and sat until Miss Hope's picture was finished. This angered Master Richard; and many a time I have seen him come out from that room with a clouded and vexed brow.

"From the county next to this, a Mr. Lomond often came to Challan Ridge. He was a grave, stern-looking man, and I have heard my mistress, and said, in the neighborhood, to be a rich man. Miss Hope used to laugh at his stiff, queer manners. Poor child! many a time I have seen her lean back in her chair, when he was talking, and cover her smiling mouth with a fan.

"One day—I remember it well—I went to the painting room, to call Master Richard and Miss Hope to dinner. There was a glass in the door which opened into the hall, and one passing along could look right in the room. My young master and his fair cousin were standing opposite the table. I slipped from the room, and saw it. His arm was around her waist, her hand was in his, and he was looking down in her sweet face with such much love, I cannot tell how fondly. I walked past heavily, so that I might startle them, and then I opened the door. But who do you think I saw as I turned away? Who, but my mistress. She was coming slowly down the great staircase, and her face was red, and her brow frowning. I knew by her stern look that she too had seen the young lovers, and was angry at them in her heart.

"Hope," said my mistress, as they rose from the table, "stay here for a few minutes; I wish to speak with you."

"Master Richard stood by his chair, as though he had chosen to stay, too; but his mother, looking at him, said, 'You may leave the room, Richard.' With a half smile, half frown, he obeyed, and I heard him, directly after, walking in the hall. 'Oh, with your work here, Ruth,' she said, 'seeing me look towards the door; and I was obliged to stay and hear all she said to Miss Hope. Dear Miss Hope! that was the last day I ever saw that poor young thing look really happy. My mistress did not seem cross, only grave and determined. 'Mr. Lomond has done you the honor to propose for your hand, Hope,' she said, slowly, 'and I have given him, for you, a favorable answer.'"

"Miss Hope did not speak; but, oh, how she laughed! Her laugh was so clear and merry, it rang all through the room. I saw my mistress did not like it, for she said: 'This is a grave matter, and not one of smiles.'"

"As I saw my poor darling soon found out that, 'Fudge me,' said Miss Hope, with one of her sweet looks; 'I could not help laughing, and I thought, Aunt Margaret, for so she always called my mistress, 'that you were only jesting.'"

"That was a strange mistake, child. But now, as I tell you that I am serious, I wish you to listen gravely, and with attention. You are absolutely without a shilling in the world; and, therefore, by one poor, such an offer should not be treated lightly. Paul Lomond is richer than you, that is true; but he loves you, Hope, he is rich, and you must marry him."

"I cannot!" said Miss Hope, springing from her seat, and kneeling beside my mistress; "I cannot! I cannot! I cannot! I do not want to marry Paul Lomond. But, said she with a strange, puzzled smile, 'you are not in earnest! You would not have me marry that grave old man?'"

"Do not remember now what answer Mrs. Challan made to this; but Miss Hope went on to plead with tears and sobs, but they were of no use. She got up from her knees, and said in a quick and angry tone—

"Aunt, you are cruel! I won't marry Paul Lomond, for I hate him."

"I had never seen Miss Hope so vexed before. Her cheeks were very red, and her eyes fairly flashed.

"Talk not in this way to me," said my mistress, proudly. "Have you forgotten all that I

have done for you! in this obstinacy my reward!"

"Have I forgotten all! No! I remember your kindness gratefully, affectionately, and you know I have returned it with love and obedience; but in this matter I choose for myself."

"You have chosen," cried my mistress, sharply. "Hope Maybrith, you love another, I know; you love Richard Challan."

"Yes," calmly replied Miss Hope, "I do love him, and I will never love any one else."

"He loves Hope Maybrith as his own heart's blood," interrupted Master Richard, suddenly bursting into the room.

"Was this, Richard? was this his honorable, thus to play the listener?" asked my mistress, with a bitter smile.

"Don't let us trifles, mother; I heard my name but a moment ago across the hall, and I came to the door just in time to echo my mistress's words;—yes, my Hope; and Master Richard crossed the room, and stood by his cousin's side.

"What child's play is this, Richard Challan?" said my mistress.

"None, mother, none. I love my cousin. Had I been older than I was, long ago I would have asked of you the boon I do now. Give me Hope Maybrith for my bride."

"Never, while I have reason!" and the brow of my mistress grew dark.

"Then I will take her; for never, while I have reason, will I marry another; and he drew Hope fondly to his breast.

"Take back those words, Richard Challan, or you lose your mother's love."

"That was bitter; but bitterer far would be the loss of Hope."

"Then my young master said something gentle to her who clung to him, and she, raising her young head from his shoulder, smiled sadly.

"I cannot remember all that passed between my mistress and her son; but at last she ordered Miss Hope from the room. For a little while, Master Richard would not let her go; but when she prayed him to unloose his arm from her waist, and let her pass out, for it well might break her heart to stand thus between mother and son, he led her tenderly towards the door, and said:

"Let this be a token, my beloved, that you are mine; and he stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"My mistress spoke of Paul Lomond, and Master Richard listened gravely, and for some time in silence.

"Hope shall never marry that man, if I can help it. Mother, mother, and it is thus you would sell that sweet young creature? Oh! shame!"

"And yet, my son, I am only seeking Hope's happiness in this marriage."

"You mean misery, madam. Hope can be happy with no other than myself, for she loves me, as I do her, uningly! She is mine, and I will never give her up."

"Oh, Richard!" said my mistress, coming closer to her son, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "what madness, what folly is this, that you should so obstinately cling to Hope Maybrith, a poor dependent upon your mother's bounty—one who can neither bring you wealth nor power!"

"The poor dependent, as you call her, I love her well that I will marry none but her, mother. Wealth and power—what are they beside her? As Master Richard seemed so determined, his mother began to talk about Challan Ridge. He could not well understand all she said, but I remember she spoke of her fear that the estate would pass into other hands, unless he married some rich, great lady, and that she mentioned a name. Oh, how angry Master Richard

"Agnes Heath," he repeated, in a low bitter tone, "think you that I would marry that cold girl—never, never! Oh, mother, the heart that loves a Hope Maybrith cannot turn to one like Agnes Heath; and now hear me, for I am determined, I am determined," he repeated, striking the table heavily, "that Hope and myself shall never be sold for Challan Ridge. I may pass from my hands—I will never keep it at the price of her happiness and mine."

"My mistress looked terrible black, but she smoothed down her anger, and after a while said, in a proud, cold way—

"If you are calm now, I will show you the papers I spoke of, and look from her desk a roll which looked like some old deeds, and laid them upon the table. I slipped from the room, and was frightened and troubled for Master Richard and his cousin, and I wanted to be by myself. I sat down upon the back porch; it was very calm and peaceful there."

"SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR." It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Saint St. Marie; and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boats, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men. Thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, full of excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly at his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Saint, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom,—"a man'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to his self." [Blackwood.]

HAD BEEN THERE. A gentleman boarding at one of our hotels—a dozen low-bred cockneys, who can find nothing so good as "has had ones," rained—poetized and annoyed at the unbecoming remarks and abuse of this country by these fellows, took it into his head to retort in their own style. He accordingly informed them that he had been in England once or twice in his life, and then he began to abuse everything and everybody he had met there. The cockneys were dumb with amazement. At last one of them ventured to inquire with a sneer, if the gentleman had seen anything in England better than in their own style. He accordingly informed them that he had been in England once or twice in his life, and then he began to abuse everything and everybody he had met there. The cockneys were dumb with amazement. At last one of them ventured to inquire with a sneer, if the gentleman had seen anything in England better than in their own style. 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